

Brut. I spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numas* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hosilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Scicini. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That hee's your fixed enemy; and reuoke
Your suddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusall, both obserue and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Scicini. Toth' Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the streame o'th' People:
And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter *Coriolanus*, *Meneius*, all the Centry,
Cominius, *Tullus Latius*, and other Senators.

Corio. *Tullus Aufidius* then had made new head.
Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Composition.

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first,
Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Consul) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners waue againe.

Corio. Saw you *Aufidius*?
Latius. On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vildly
Yielded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?
Latius. He did, my Lord.
Corio. How? what?
Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopelesse restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At Antium liues he?
Latius. At Antium.
Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scicinius and Brutus.
Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance.

Scicini. Passe no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on-- No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Mene. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. *Cominius*, no.

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes giue way, he shall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Scicini. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are these your Heard?

Must these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straight disclaim their tounge? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not set them on?

Mene. Be calme, be calme.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and liue with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:

The People cry you mocke them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Haue you inform'd them thence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Consul? by yond Clouds
Let me deferue so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scicini. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Consul,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deferu'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't againe.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I liue, I will.

My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,
Which we our selues haue plow'd for, sow'd, & scatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggars.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Countrey, I haue shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdain should Tetter vs, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Brut. You speake a'th' people, as if you were a God,

To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmitie.

Scicini. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.

Scicini. It is a minde that shall remain a poison

Where it is: not poyson any further.

Corio. Shall remaine?

Heare you this Triton of the *Minimones*? Marke you

His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why

You graue, but wreakelesse Senators, haue you thus

Giuen Hydra heere to choose an Officer,

That with his peremptory Shall, being but

The horne, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit

To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,

And make your Channell his? If he haue power,

Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake

Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,

Benot as common Fooles; if you are not,

Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,

If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,

When both your voices blended, the great't taste

Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,

And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,

His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench

Then euer strow'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,

It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes

To know, when two Authorities are vp,

Neither Supream; How soone Confusion

May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take

The one by th' other.

Com. Well, on to'th' Market place.

Corio. Who euer gaue that Counsell, to giue forth

The Corne a'th' Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd

Sometime in Greece.

Mene. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute powre

I say they norish disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Brut. Why shall the people giue

One that speaks thus, their voyce?

Corio. Ile giue my Reasons,

More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne

Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd

They ne're did seruice for't; being prest to'th' Warre,

Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,

They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Service

Did not deserue Corne gratis. Being i'th' Warre,

There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd

Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th' Accusation

Which they haue often made against the Senate,

All cause vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue

Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?

How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest

The Senates Courtresie? Let deeds expresse

What's like to be their words, We did request it,

We are the greater pole, and in true feare

They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debate

The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

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